The play of the wether

A newe and very mery enterlude of all maner wethers made by John Heywood.

The players names.

- Jupiter a god.
- Mery repoꝛte the dyce.
- The gentylman.
- The marchant.
- The ranger.
- The water mylle.
- The wynde mylle.
- The gentylwoman.
- The launder.
- A boy the leſt that can play.

Signatures E and F are misplaced, and what should follow F iii is wanting.

¶ Iupyter.

Ryght farre to longe as nowe were to recyte
The ancient estat wherin our selfe hath reyned
What honoure what laude gyuen vs of very
What glory we haue had duly vnfaid (ryght
Of eche creature which duty hath cōstrayned
For aboue all goddes syns our fathers fale
We Iupyter were euer princypale.

☞ Yf we so haue ben as truth it is in dede
Beyonde the compas of all comparyson
Who coulde presume to shewe for any mede
So that it myght appere to humayne reason
The hye renoume we stande in at thys season
For syns that heuen and erthe were fyrst create
Stode we neuer in suche tryumphant estate.

☞ As we nowe do where of we wolde reporte
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present
Chefely concernynge your perpetuall comforte
As the thynge selfe shall proue in experymente
Whiche hyely shall bynde you on knees lowly bente
Soolly to honour our hyenes day by day
And nowe to the mater gyue eare and we shall say.

☞ Before our presens in our hye parlyament
Bothe goddes and goddesses of all degrees
Hath late assembled by comen assente
For the redres of certayne enormytees
Bred amonge them thorowe extremytees
Abusede in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpose in these moste specyall.

¶ Our forsayde fathers Saturny and Phebus
Eolus and Phebe these foure by name
Whose natures nat onely so farre contrarious
But also of malyce eche other to defame
Haue longe tyme abused ryght farre out of frame
The dewe course of all theyr constellacyons
To the great damage of all yerthly nacyons.

¶ Whiche was debated in place sayde before
And fyrst as became our father moste auncyente
With berd e whyte as snowe, his lockes both cold & hote
Hath entred suche mater as serued is intent
Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fyrmament
To ayre and yerth as thynge moste precyous
Pourgynge all humours that are contagyous.

¶ Howe be yt he alledgeth that of longe tyme paste
Lyttell hath preuayled his great dilygens
Full oft vpon erthe his kayre frost he hath cast
All thynges hurtfull to banysche out of presens
But Phebus entendynge to kepe him in splens
When he hath labored all nyght in his powers
His glarynge beames maryth all in two houres.

☞ Phebus to this made no manere answerynge
Where vpon they bothe then Phebe defyed
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprouynge
That by her showres superfluous they haue tryed
In all that she may theyr powers be denyed
Where vnto Phebe made answere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne had made before.

☞ Anone vpon Eolus all these vpd se

Complaynynge theyr causes eche one a rowe
And sayde to compare none was so euyn as he
For when he is dysposed his blastes to blowe
He suffreth neyther sonne shyne, rayne nor snowe
They eche agaynste other, and he agaynst all thre
Thus can these foure, in no maner agre.

¶ Whiche sene in them selfe and further consyderynge
The same to the redres was cause of theyr assemble
And also that we euermore beynge
Besyde one puysant power of deite
Of wysedome and nature so noble and fre
From all extremytees the meane deuydynge
To peale and plente eche thynge attemperynge.

☞ They haue in conclusyon holly sundryd
Into our handes as muche concernynge
All maner of wethers by them engendryd
The full of theyr powers for terme euerlastynge
To set suche order as standeth with our pleasynge
Whiche thynges of our parte no parte requyred
But of all theyr partes ryght humble desyred.

☞ To tske vpon vs whereto we dyd assente
And so in all thynges with one voyce agreable
We haue clerely fynyshed our foresayde parleamente
To your great welthe whiche shalbe fyrme and stable
And to our honour farre inestimable
For syns theyr powers as ours addyd to our owne
Who can we saye knowe vs as we shulde be knowne.

☞ But nowe for fyne the rest of our entente
Wherfore as nowe we hyther are descended.

Is onely to satysfye and content
All maner people whiche haue ben offendyd
By any wether mete to be amendyd
Upon whose complayntes declarynge theyr grefe
We shall shape remedy for theyr relefe.

¶ And to gyue knowledge for theyr hyther resorte
We wolde this afore proclaymed to be
To all our people bysome one of this sorte
Whome we lyste to chose here amongest allye
Wherfore eche man auaunce and we shall se
Whiche of you is most mete to be our cryer.

☞ Here entreth Mery reporte

☞ Mery reporte.

☞ Brother holde vp your torche a lytell hyer
Nowe I beseche you my lorde loke on me furste
I trust your lordshype shall not fynde me the wurste.

☞ Iupyter.

☞ Why what arte thou that approchest so nye.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ Forsothe and please your lordshype it is I.

¶ Iupyter.

¶ All that we knowe very well, but what I.

☞ Mery reporte.

☞ What I, some saye I am I perse I
But what maner I so euer be I
I assure your good lordshype I am I.

¶ Iupyter.

¶ What maner man arte thou shewe quyckely.

☞ Mery reporte.

☞ By god a poore gentylman dwelleth her by,

☞ Iupyter.

☞ A gentylman thy selfe bryngeth witnes naye

Bothe in thy lyght behauour and araye
But what art thou called where thou dost resorte.

☞ Mery reporte.

Forsothe my lorde mayster Mery reporte.

¶ Jupyter.

¶ Thou arte no mete man in our besynes.
For thyne apparence is of to muche lyghtnes.

¶ Mery reporte,

☞ Why can not your lordshype lyke my name
Myne apparell nor my name nother.

¶ Jupyter.

✠ To none of all we haue deuotion.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ A proper lycklyhod of promocyon
Well than as wyse as ye seme to be
Yet can ye se no wysdome in me
But syns ye disprayse me for so lyght an elft
I praye you gyue me leue to prayse my selfe
And for the fyrste parte I wyll begyn
In my behauour at my commynge in
Wherin I thynke I haue lytell offendyd
For sewer my curtesy coulde nat be amendyd
And as for my seute your seruaunte to be
Myght yll haue ben myst for your honestie
For as I be saued yf I shall nat lye
I sawe no man sewe for the offyce but I
Wherfore yf ye take me nat or I go
Ye must anone whether ye wyll or no
And syns your entente is but for the wethers
What skyls our appyrell to be fryse or fethers
I thynhe it wysdome syns no man forbad it
With this to spare a better yf I had it
And for my name reportynge all waye truely

what hurte to repozte a sad mater merely
As be occasion foz the same entente
To a certayne wedowe this day was I sente
Whose husbande departyd without her wittynge
I special good louer and she his owne swettynge
To whome, at my commynge I cause suche a fygure
Wynglynge the mater accozdynge to my nature
That whan we departyd aboue all other thynges
She thanked me hertely foz my mery tydynges
And yf I had nat handled it merely
Perchaunche she myght haue take it heuely
But in suche facyon I coniured and bounde her
That I lefte her meryer then I founde her
what man may compare to shewe the lyke comfozte
That dayly is shewed by me Mery repozte
And foz your purpose at this tyme ment
Foz all wethers I am so indyfferent
without affeccyon standynge so vp ryght
Son lyght, mone lyght, ster lyght, twy lyght, tozche lyght,
Colde hete most dzye, hayle rayn frost snow, lightnig thud
Cloudy, mysty, wyndy, fayze, foule aboue heed oz vnder
Temperate oz distemperate what euer it be
I promyse your lozdshyp all is one to me.

Jupiter.

Well son consyderynge thyne indyfferency
And partely the rest of thy declaracyon
We make the our seruaunt and immedyatly
Well wolde thou departe and cause pzoclamacyon
Publyshynge our pleasure to euery nacyon
Whiche thynge ones done with all deligens
Make thy returne agayne to this pzesens.

Here to receyue all sewters of eche degre

And ſuche as to the may ſeme moſte metely
We wyll thou bryng them before our maieſte
And for the reſte that be nat ſo worthy
Make thou reporte to vs effectually
So that we may here eche maner ſewte at large
Thus ſe thou departe, and loke vpon thy charge.

¶ Wery reporte.

¶ Nowe good my lorde god our lady be with ye
Frendes, a kelpſhype let me goo by ye
Thynke ye I maye ſtande thruſtynge amonge you there
Nay by god I muſte thruſte aboute other gere

☞ Wery reporte goeth out.

¶ At thende of this ſtaf the god hath a ſonge played in his torne or Wery reporte come in.

☞ Iuppter.

¶ Nowe ſyns we haue thus farre ſet forthe our purpoſe
I whyle we woll withdraw we our godly preſens
To enbolde all ſuche more playnely to diſcloſe
As here wyll attende in our forſayde pretens
And nowe accordynge to your obedtens
Reioyce ye in vs with ioye moſte ioyfully
And we our ſelfe ſhall ioye in our owne glory

☞ Wery reporte cometh in.

☞ Wery reporte.

¶ Nowe ſyrs take hede for here cometh goddes ſeruaſit
Auaunte cartely keytyfs auaunt
Why ye dronken horeſons wyll it nat be
By your feaythe haue ye nother cap nor knee
Nat one of you that wyll make curteſy
To me that am ſquyre for goddes body
Regarde ye nothynge myne authoritie
No welcome home nor where haue ye be
Howe be it yf ye aryd I coulde nat well tell

But sure I thynke a thousande myle from hell
And on my faythe I thynke on my conscience
I haue ben from heuen as farre as heuen is hens
At Louyn, at London, and in Lumbardy
At Baloocke, at Barforde, and in Barbary
At Canturbery, at Couentre, at Colchester
At Wansworth, and at welbecke, at Westchester
At Fullam, at Faleborne, and at Fenlowe
At wallyngeforth, at wakefelde, and at waltanstowe
At Tawton, at Typtre, and at Totnam
At Glouceter, at Gylforde, and at Gotham
At Hartforde, at Harwyche, at Harcowe on the hyll
At Sutbere, at Suthampton, at shoters hyll
At Wallyngham, at wittam, and at Werwycke
At Boston, at Brystowe, and at Berwycke
At Grauelyn, at Grauesende, and at Glastenbery
Ynge Gyngyange Jabyerde the paryshe of Butlbery
The deuyll him selfe without more leasure
Coulde nat haue gone halfe thus muche I am sure
But nowe I hane warned them let them euen chose
For in faythe I care nat who wynne or lose.

Here the Gentylman before he cometh in bloweth his horne.

Mery reporte.

Nowe by my trouth this was a goodly herynge
I wente it had ben the gentylwomens blowynge
But it is nat so as I nowe suppose
For womens hornes soundes more in a mannes nose.

Gentylman.

Stande ye mery my frendes euerychone.

Mery reporte.

Say that to me and let the reste alone
Syr ye be welcome and all your meyny.

¶ Gentylman.

¶ Nowe in good ſothe my frende god a mercy
And ſyns that I mete the here thus by chaunce
I ſhall requyre the of further acquayntaunce
And prayely to ſhewe the thys is the mater
I come to ſewe to the great god Jupiter
For helpe of thynges concernynge my recreacyon
Accordynge to his late proclamacyon.

☞ Mery reporte.

☞ Mary I am he that this muſt ſpede
But fyrſte tell me what be ye in dede.

¶ Gentylman.

¶ For ſothe good frende I am a gentylman.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ A goodly occupacyon by ſaynte Anne
On my fathe your maſhype hath a mery lyfe
But who maketh all theſe hornes your ſelfe or your wyfe
Nay euen in erneſte I aſke you this queſtion.

¶ Gentylman.

¶ Nowe by my truth thou arte a mery one.

¶ Mery reporte.

☞ In fayth of vs bothe I thynke neuer one ſad
For I am nat ſo mery but ye ſeme as mad
But ſtande ye ſtyll and take a lytell payne
I wyll come to you by and by agayne
Nowe gracious god yf your wyll ſo be
I prayе ye let me ſpeke a worde with ye.

¶ Iuppyter.

¶ My ſonne ſay on let vs here thy mynde.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ My lorde there ſtandethe a ſuter euen here behynde
A gentylman in ponder corner
And as I thynke his name is mayſter horner

A hunter he is and cometh to make you ſporte
He wolde hunte a ſow or twayne out of this ſorte.
¶ Here he pointeth to the women
☞ Juppter.
☞ What ſo euer his mynde be, let him appere.
☞ Mery reporte.
¶ Nowe good mayſter horner I praye you come nere.
¶ Gentylman.
☞ I am no horner knaue I wyll you knowe it.
¶ Mery reporte.
¶ I thought ye had, for when ye dyd blowe it
Harde I neuer horeſon make horne ſo go
As leke ye kyſt myne ars as blowe my hole ſo
Come on your way before the god Juppter
And there for your ſelfe ye ſhalbe ſewter.
☞ Gentylman.
¶ Moſte myghty prynce and god of euery nacyon
Pleaſeth your hyghnes to vouchſaue the herynge
Of me whiche accordynge to your proclamacyon
Dothe make apparaunce in way of beſechynge
Nat ſole for my ſelfe but generally,
For all came of noble and auncient ſtocke
Whiche ſorte aboue all doth moſte thankefully
Dayly take payne for welth of the comen flocke
With delygent ſtudy alway occupynge
To kepe them in order and vnyte
In peace to laboure the encres of theyr lyuynge
Wherby eche man may proſper in plente
Wherfore good god this is our hole delyrynge
That for eaſe of our paynes at tymes vacant
In our recreacion whiche chefly is huntynge
It may pleaſe you to ſende vs wether pleſaunte
Dry and nat myſty the wynde calme and ſtyll

That after our houndes yournynge so merely
Chasynge the dere ouer pale and hyll
In herynge we may folowe and to comforte the cry

¶ Jupyter.

¶ Ryght well we do perceyue your hole request
Whiche shall not fayle to reste in memory
Wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest
Tyll we haue harde eche man indifferently
And we shall take suche order vnyuersally
As beste may stande to our honour infynyte
For welth in cōmune and eche mannes synguler profyte

¶ Gentylman.

¶ In heuen and erthe honoured be thy name
Of Jupyter whome of his godly goodnes
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame
That euery wyght shall haue his desyre doubtles
And fyrst for vs nobles and gentylmen
I doute nat in his wysdome to prouyde
Suche wether as in our huntynge nowe and then
We may bothe tayse and receyue on euery syde
Whiche thynge ones had for our sayde recreacyon
Shall greatly preuayle you in proferrynge our helth
For what thynge more nedefull then our preseruacyon
Beynge the weale and heddes of all comen welth

¶ Mery reporte.

✠ Nowe I beseche your mashype whose hed be you.

¶ Gentylman,

¶ Whose hed am I, thy hed what sayst thou nowe.

¶ Mery reporte.

☞ Nay I thynke it very true so god me helpe
For I haue euer ben of a lyttell whelpe
So full of fansyes and in so many fyttes
So many small reasons and in so many wyttes

That euen as I stande I pray god I be dede
If euer I thought them all mete for my hede
But syns I haue one hed more then I knewe
Blame nat my retoylynge I lose all thynges newe
And sure it is treasour of heddes to haue store
One feate can I nowe that I neue coulde before.

¶ The Gentylman.

What is that.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ By god syns ye came hyther
I can set my heed and my tayle togyther
This hed shall saue mony by sayne Mary
Frome hens forthe I wyll no Potycary
For at all tymes when suche thynges shall myster
My newe hed shall gyue myne olde tayle a glyster
And after all this then shall my hedde wayte
Upon my tayle and there stande at receyte
Syr for the reste I wyll nat nowe mone you
But yf we lyue shall smell howe I loue you
And syr to chynge your sute, here departe when it please
For be ye sure as I can I wyll ease you. (you

The Gentylman.

Then gyue me thy hande that promyse I take
And yf for my sake any sute thou do make
I promyse thy payne to be requyted
More largely than nowe shall be recyted.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ Alas my nerke, godes pyty where is me hed
By sayncte Yue I fere me I shall be ded
And yf I were me thynke it were no wonder
Syns my hed and my body is so farre a sonder
Mayster person nowe welcome by my lyfe
I praye you ho we both my maystres your wyfe

¶ Entreth the Marchaunt.

¶ Marchaunt.

☞ Syr for the presthode and wyfe that ye alledge
I se ye speke more of dotage then knowledge
But let pas syr I wolde to you be suter
To brynge me yf ye can before Jupyter. (Mery re.
☞ Yes mary can I, and wyll do it in dede
Tary and I shall make way for your spede
In faythe good lord yf it please your gracyous godshype
I must haue a worde or twayne with your loldshyhe
Syr yonder is an other manin place
Who maketh greate sute to speke with your grace
Your pleasure ones knowen he cometh by and by.

☞ Jupyter.

¶ Brynge him before our presens sone hardely

¶ Mery reporte.

☞ Why where be you shall I nat fynde ye
Come away I pray god the deuyll blynde ye.

¶ Marchaunt.

☞ Moste myghty prynce and lorde of lordes all
Ryght humbly be secheth your maiestie
Your marchaunt men thorowe the worlde all
That it may please you of your benygnite
In the dayly daunger of our goodes and lyfe
Fyrst to consyder the desert of our request
What welth we brynge the reste to our great care & gryfe
And then to rewarde vs as ye shall thynke best
What were the surplusage of eche comodyte
Whiche groweth and encreaseth in euery lande
Excepte exchaunge by suche men as ye be
By way or entercours that lyeth on our hande
We fraught frome home thynges whereof there is plente
And home we brynge suche thynges as there be scant

Who shulde afore vs Marchauntes accompted be
For were nat we, the worlde shulde wysh and want
In many thynges, which nowe shall lack rehersall
And preuely to conclude we beseche your hyghnes
That of the benefyte proclaymed in generall
We may be parte takers for comen entres
Stablyshynge wether thus pleasynge your grace
Stormy nor mysty the wynde mesurable
That sauely we may passe frome place to place
Berynge our selles for spede moste valeable
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne
East, West, North, and South, as best may be set
In any one place nat to longe to sotourne
For the lengthe of our viage may lese our market.

¶ Iupyter.

Ryght well haue ye sayde and we accepte it so
And so shall we rewarde you or we go hens
But ye must take pacients tyll we haue harde mo
That we may indifferently gyue sentens
There maye passe by vs no spot of neglygence
But iustely to iudge eche thynge so vpryght
That eche mans parte may shyne in the selfe ryght

☞ Mery reporte.

☞ Nowe syr by your faythe yf ye shulde be sworne
Harde ye euer god speke so syns ye were borne
So wyse so gentelly his wordes be showd.

☞ Marchaunte.

☞ I thanke his grace my sewt is well bestod.

¶ Mery reporte.

☞ Syr what vyage entende ye nexte to go.

☞ Marchaunte.

☞ I trust or myolent to be at Syd.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ Ha ha is it your mynde to sayle at Spo
Nay then when ye wyl, by lady ye may go
And let me alone with this, be of good chere
Ye may truste me at Spo as well as here
For though ye were fro me a thousande myle space
I wolde do as muche as ye were here in place
For syns that from hens it is so farre thyder
I care nat though ye neuer come agayne hyther.

✠ Marchaunt.

¶ Syr yf ye remember me when tyme shall come
Though I requyte nat all, I shall deserue some.

Great Marchaunt.

¶ Mery reporte,
¶ Nowe fare you well & god thanke you by sayncte Anne
I pray you marke the fashyon of this honeste manne
He putteth me in more truste at this metynge here
Then he shall synde cause why this twenty yere.

¶ Here entreth the Ranger.

¶ Ranger.

¶ God be here, nowe Chryst kepe this company.

¶ Mery reporte.

❧ In sayth ye be welcome euen very shantly
Syr for your comynge what is the mater.

☞ Ranger.

❧ I wolde fayne speke with the god Iuppter.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ That wyll nat be but ye may do this
Tell me your mynde I am an officer of his

¶ Ranger.

¶ Be ye so, mary I cry you mercy
Your mayster shyppe may say I am homely
But syns your mynde is to haue reporte
The cause wherfore I am nowe resorte

Pleaseth it your maystershype it is so
I come for my selfe and suche other mo
Rangers and kepers of certayne places
As forestes, parkes, purlewes and chases
Where we be charged with all maner game
Smale is our profyte and greate is our blame
Alas for our wages what be we the nere
What is fourty shyllynges or fyue marke a yere
Many tymes and ofte where we be flettynge
We spende fourty pens a pece at a syttynge
Nowe for our vauntage whiche chefely is wyndefale
That is ryght nought there bloweth no wynde at all
Whiche is the thynge wherin we fynde moste grefe
And cause of my commynge to sewe for relefe
That the god of pyty all this thynge knowynge
May sende vs good rage of blusterynge and blowynge
And yf we can not get god to do some good
I wolde hyer the deuyll to runne thorowe the wood
The rootes to turne vp, the toppes to brynge vnder
A myschyefe vpon them and a wylde thunder.

☞ Mery reporte.

Very well sayde I set by your charytie
As muche in a maner as by your honestie
I shall set you som what in ease anone
Ye shall put on your cap when I am gone
For I se well ye care nat who wynne or lese
So ye may fynde meanes to wynne your fees

¶ Ranger.

¶ Syr as in that ye speke as it please ye
But let me speke with the god yf it maye be
I pray you let me passe ye.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ Why nay syr by the masse ye

The Ranger.

Then wyll I leue you euen as I founde ye.

Mery repoꝛte.

Go when ye wyll no man here hath bounde ye.

Here entreth the water myller and the Ranger goeth out.

Water myller.

What ꝑ deuyll shulde skil though al ꝑ woꝛld were dñ
Syns in all our spekynge we neuer be harde
We crye out foꝛ rayne the deuyll sped dꝛop wyll cumme
We water myllers be nothynge in regarde
No water haue we to grynde at any tyme
The wynde is so stronge the rayne can nat fall
Whiche kepeth our mylldams as dꝛye as a flynt
We are vndone we grynde nothynge at all
The gꝛeatter is the ꝑyte as thynketh me
Foꝛ what auayleth to eche man his coꝛne
Tyll it be grounde by suche men as we be
There is the losse ꝑ we be foꝛbonde
Foꝛ touchynge our selues we are but dꝛudges
And very beggers saue onely our tole
Whiche is ryght small and yet many grudges
Foꝛ grynden of a bussheli to gyue a quarte bole
Yet were nat reparacyons we myght do wele
Our mylstons, our whele, with her kogges, & our tryndyl
Our floodgate, our mylpole, our water whele
Our hopper, our extre, our yzen spyndell
In this and muche moꝛe so great is our charge
That we wolde not recke though no water ware
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
And eche foꝛ our neyghbour Chꝛyst bydde vs care

Wherfore my conscience hath prycked me hyther
In this to sewe accordynge to the cry
For plente of rayne to the god Iuppter
To whose presence I wyll go euen boldely.

Mery reporte.

Spy I doute nothynge your audacite
But I fere me ye lacke capacite
For yf ye were wyse ye myght well espye
Howe rudely ye erre frome rules of curtesye
What ye coine in reuelynge and reheytynge
Euen as a knaue myght go to a beare beytynge.

Water myller.

All you here recorde what fauoure I haue
Herke howe familearly he calleth me knaue
Doutles the gentylman is vniuersall
But marke this lesson for you shulde neuer call
Your felowe knaue nor your brother horeson
For nought can ye get by it when ye haue don.

Mery reporte.

Thou arte neither brother nor felowe to me
For I am goddes seruaunte mayst thou nat se
Wolde ye presume to speke with the great god
Nay discrecyon and you be to farre od
Bye lady these knaues must be tyed shorter
Spy who let you in, spake ye with the porter.

Water myller.

Nay by my trouth nor with none other man
Yet I sawe you well when I fyrst began
Howe be it so helpe me god and holydam
I toke you but for a knaue as I am
But mary nowe syns I knowe what ye be
I must and wyll obey your authorytie
And yf I may nat speke with Iuppter.

I beseche you be my solyciter.

☞ Mery reporte.

¶ As in that I wyll be your well wyller
I perceyue you be a water myller
And your hole desyre as I take the mater
Is plente of rayne for encres of water
The let where of ye affyrme determynately
Is onely the wynde your mortall enemy.

¶ Water myller.

¶ Trouth it is for it bloweth so alofte
We neuer haue rayne or at the moste nat ofte
Wherfore I pray you put the god in mynde
Clerely for euer to banyshe the wynde.

☞ Entreth the wynde myller.

¶ Wynde myller.

¶ Howe is all the wether gone or I come
For the passyon af god helpe me to some
I am a wynde myller as many mo be
No wretche in wretchydnes so wretchyd as we
The holde sorte of my crafte be all marde at ones
The wynde is so weyke it sturreth nat our stones
Nor skantly can shatter the shytten sayle
That hangeth shaterynge at a womans tayle
The rayne neuer resteth so longe be the showres
Frome tyme of begynnynge tyll foure and twenty houres
And ende whan it shall at nyght or at none
Another begynneth as sone as that is done
Suche reuell of rayne ye knowe well ynough
Destroyeth the wynde be it neuer so rough
Wherby syns our mylles be come to styll standdynge
Nowe may we wynde myllers go euyn to hangynge
A myller with a moryn and a myschyefe
Who wolde be a myller, as good be a thefe

Yet in tyme paſt when grydynge was plente
Who were ſo lyke goddes felowes as we
As faſte as god made corne we mylers made meale
Whiche myght be beſte for bone for comone weale
But let that gere paſſe for I feare our pryde
Is cauſe of the care whiche god dothe vs proupde
Wherfore I ſubmyt me entendynge to ſe
What comforte may come by humplitie
And nowe at this tyme they ſayde in the crye
The god is come downe to ſhape remedy.

Mery reporte.

No doute he is here euen in yonder trone
But in your mater he truſteth me alone
Wherin I do perceyue by your complaynte
Oppreſſion of rayne doth make the wynde ſo faynte
That ye wynde mylers be clene caſte awaye.

Wynde myller.

Yf Jupyter helpe nat it is as ye ſaye
But in fewe wordes to tell you my mynde rounde
Upon this condicion I wolde be bounde
Day by day to ſay our ladyes ſaute
That in this worlde were no drope of water
For neuer rayne but wynde continuall
Then ſhulde we wynde mylers be lordes ouer all.

Mery reporte.

Come on and aſſay howe you twayne can agre
I brother of yours a myller as ye be.

Water myller.

By meane of your crafte we may be brothers
But whyles we lyue ſhall we neuer be louers
We be of one crafte but nat of one kynde
I lyue by water, and ye by the wynde.

Here Mery reporte goeth out.

And syr as ye desyre wynde continuall
So wolde I haue rayne euer more to fall
Whiche two in experience ryght well ye se
Ryght selde or neuer togyther can be
For as longe as the wynde ruleth it is playne
Twynty to one ye get no drope of rayne
And when the Element is to farre oppressed
Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wynde at rest
By this ye se we can nat both obtayne
For ye must lacke wynde or I must lacke rayne
Wherfore I thynke good before this audiens
Eche for our selfe to lay or we go hens
And whome is though weyken when we haue fynysht
Leue of his sute and content to be banysht.

☞ Wynde myller.

¶ In fayth agreed but then by your licens
Our myles for a tyme shall hange in suspens
Syns water and wynde is chiefly our sute
Whiche beste may be spared we wyll fyrst dispute
Wherfore to the see my reason shall refore
Where shyppes by meane of wynde try frome port to port
From lande to lande in distaunce many a myle
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle
So great is the profyte as to me doth seme
That no mans wysdome the welthe can exteme
And syns the wynde is conueyer of all
Who but the wynde shulde haue thanke aboue all.

¶ Water myller.

¶ I smitte in this place a tree here to growe
And therat the wynde in great rage to blowe
When it hath all blowen this is a clere case
The tree remoueth no heare bredth from his place
No more wolde the shyppe blowes the best it coude

All though it wolde blowe downe bothe mast & shrowde
Excepte the shyppe flete vpon the water
The wynde can nyght nought do a playne mater
Yet may ye on water without any wynde
Rowe forth your vessell where men wyll haue her synde
Nothynge more reioyceth the maryner
Then meane cooles of wynde and plente of water
For commenly the cause of euery wrache
Is excesse of wynde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stormes the perylls suche
That better were no wynde then so farre to muche.

¶ Wynde myller.

¶ Well yf my reason in this may nat stande
I wyll forsake the see and lepte to lande
In euery churche where goddes seruyce is
The organs beare brunt of halfe the quere I wys
Whiche causeth the sounde of water or wynde
More ouer for wynde this thynge I fynde
For the moste parte all maner mynstrelsy
By wynde they delyuer theyr sounde chefely
Fyll me a bagpype of your water full
As swetly shall it sounde as it were stuffyd with wull.

¶ Water myller.

¶ On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full
For frantyke fantyses be then moste plente full
Whiche are at the prynce of theyr sprynge in your hed
So farre from our mater he is nowe fled
As for the wynde in any instrumente
It is no perfell of our argumente
We spake of wynde that cometh naturally
And that is wynde forced artyficyally
Whiche is nat to purpose but yf it were
And water made nyght nought coulde do there

Yet I thynke organs no suche comodite
Wherby the water shulde banysshed be
And for your bagpyppes I take them as nyfuls
Your mater is all in fanfyes and tryfuls.

☞ Wynde myller.

☞ By god but ye shall nat tryfull me of so
Yf these thynges serue nat I wyll reherse mo
And nowe to mynde there is an olde prouerbe come
One bushell of marche dust is worth a kynges raunsome
What is a hundreth thousande bushels worthe than.

☞ Water myller.

¶ Nat one myte for the thynge selfe to no man.

¶ Wynde myller.

¶ Why shall wynde euery where thus be obiecte
Nay in the hye wayes he shall take a effecte
Where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For wynde maketh but dust and water maketh durt
Pouder or syrop for which lycke ye beste
Who lycketh nat the tone may lycke vp the reste
But sure who euer hath assayed suche syppes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durty lyppes
And it is sayde syns afore we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of corne
And well it is knowen to the moste foole here
Howe rayne hath pryced corne within this .vii. yere.

☞ Water miler.

☞ Syr I pray the spare me a lyteell season
And I shall preuely conclude the with reason
Put case on somers day without wynde to be
And ragious wynde in wynter dayes two or thre
Wythe more shall dry that one calme day in somer
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in winter
Whom shall we thanke for this when all is done

The thanke to wynde nay thanke chyefly the son
And so for drought of corne therby entres
The son doth comfort and rype all doutles
And ofte the wynde so leyth the corne god wot
That neuer after can it rype but rotte.
If drought take place as ye say yet may ye se
Lytell helpeth the wynde in this commoditie
But nowe syr I denye your pryncypall
If drought euer were it were impossyble
To haue any grayne for,or it can growe
Ye must plowe your lande harrowe and sowe
Which wyll not be excepte ye may haue rayne
To temper the grounde and after agayne
For springyng and plumpnge all maner corne
Yet must ye haue water or all is forlorne
If ye take water for no commoditie
Yet must ye take it for thynges of necessitie
For washynge for showrynge all fylth clensynge
Where water lacketh what bestly beynge
In brewynge, in bakynge, in dressynge of meate
If ye lacke water what coulde ye drynke or eate
Without water coulde lyue neyther man nor beast
For water preserueth both moste and leaste
For water coulde I say a thousande thynges mo
Sauynge as nowe the tyme wyll not serue so
And as for that wynde that you do sewe fore
Is good for your wyndemyll and for no more
Syr syth all this in experience is tryde
I say this mater standeth clere on my syde.

Wynde myller.

Well syns this wyll not serue I wyl alledge the reste
Syr for our wyll I say myne is the beste
My wyndemyll shall grynde more corne in one houre

Then the water mylle shall in thre or foure
Ye more then thyne shulde in a hole yere
If thou mysghtest haue as thou hast wyshed here
For thou delyrest to haue excesse of rayne
Whiche thynge to the were ȳ worst thou coudest obtayne
For yf thou dydest it were a playne inducciou
To make thyne owne delyre thyne owne destruccion
For in excesse of rayne at any flood
Your mylles must stand styll they can do no good
And whan the wynde doth blowe the vttermost
Our wyndemylles walde a mayne in euery cost
For as we se the wynde in his estate
We moderour sayles after the same rate
Syns our mylles grynde so farre faster then yours
And also they may grynde all tymes and houres
I say we nede no water mylles at all
For wyndemylles be sufficient to serue al.

¶ Water myller.

¶ Thou speakest yf all and consyderest nat halfe
In boste of thy gryste thou art wyse as a calfe
For thoughte aboute vs your mylles grynde farre faster
What helpe to those frome whome ye be muche farther
And of two sortes yf the tone shulde be conserued
I thynke ye mete the most nomber be serued
In vales and wodes where moste commodytie is
There is moste people ye muste graunt me this
On hylles and downes whiche partes are most barain
There must be fewyt can no mo sustayne
I darre well saye yf it were tryed euen nowe
That there is ten of vs to one of you
And where shulde chefely and necessaries be
But there as people are moste in plente
More reason that you come, vnto myle to mylle

Then all we of the vale shode clyme the hyll
Yt rayne came reasonable as I requyre it
we shulde of your wynde mylles haue nede no whyt.

¶ Entreth Wery reporte.

☞ Wery reporte.

¶ Stop kolysche knaue, for your reasonynge is suche
That ye haue reasoned euen ynought and to muche
I harde all the wordes that ye bothe haue hadde
So helpe me god the knaues be more then madde
Nother of them bothe that hath wit nor grace
To percepue that bothe mylles may serue in place
Betwene water and wynde there is no suche let
But eche mylle may haue tyme to vse his fet
whiche thynge I can tell by experiens
For I haue of myne owne not farre from hens
In corner togyther a couple of mylles
Standynge in a marres betwene two hylles
Nat of inherytaunce but by my wyfe
She is feoffed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe
The one for wynde the other for water
And of them bothe I thanke god there standeth nother
For in a good houre be it spoken
The water gate is no soner open
But clap sathe the wyndemylle euyn streight behynde
There is good spedde, the deuyll and all they grynde
But whether that the hopper be dusty
Or that the mylstones be somwhat rusty
By the mas the meale is myscheuous musty
And yf ye thynke my tale be nat trusty
I make ye true promyse come when ye lyste
we shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gryste.

¶ Water myller.

¶ The corne at recept happely is nat good

¶ Mery repoꝛte.

¶ There can be no ſweter by the ſwete rood
Another thynge yet whiche ſhall nat be cloked
My water mylle many tymes is choked.

¶ Water myller.

☞ So wylle ſhe be thought ye ſhulde bꝛuſte your bones
Excepte ye be perfyte in ſettynge of ſtones
Fere nat the lyoger bewate your tonner
Yet this foꝛ the lyoger oꝛ ye haue wonne her
Perchaunce your lyoger dothe lacke good peckynge

¶ Mery repoꝛte,

¶ So ſayth my wyfe and that maketh all our checkynge
She wolde haue the mylle peckt, peckt peckt euery daye
But by god myllers muſt pecke when they maye
So ofte haue we peckt that our ſtones war tyght thynne
And all our other gere nat wozth a pynne
Foꝛ with peckynge and peckynge I haue ſo wꝛought
That I haue peckt a good peckynge yꝛon to nought
Howe be it yf I ſtycke no better tyll her
My wyfe ſaythe ſhe wyll haue a newe myller
But let it paſſe and nowe to our mater
I ſaye my mylles lacke nother wynde noꝛ water
No moꝛe doꝛours as farre as nede dothe requyꝛe
But ſyns ye can nat agree I wyll deſyꝛe
Iuppyter to ſet you bothe in ſuche teſte
As to your welthe and his honour maye ſtande beſte.

¶ Water myller.

¶ I pꝛay you hartely remember me.

☞ Wynde myller.

☞ Let nat me be foꝛ gotten I beſeche ye

¶ Bothe myllers goeth foꝛth.

¶ Mery repoꝛte.

¶ If I remember you nat bothe a lyke

I wolde ye were ouer the eares in the dyke
Nowe be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce
By saynte Thomas it is a knauith ryddaunce.

¶ The gentylwoman entreth.

¶ Gentylwoman.

Nowe good god what a foly is this
What shulde I do were so muche people is
I knowe not howe to passe into the god nowe.

¶ Mery report.

¶ No but ye knowe howe he maye passe into you.

¶ Gentylwoman.

¶ I praye you let me in at the backe syde.

Mery report.

¶ Ye shall I so, and your forsyde so wyde
Naye nat yet but syns ye loue to be alone
We twayne wyll into a corner anone
But fyrst I praye you come your waye byther
And let vs twayne chat a whyle togyther.

¶ Gentylwoman.

Syr as to you I haue syttell mater.
My commynge is to speke with Jupyter.

Mery report.

¶ Stande ye styll a whyle and I wyll go proue
Whether that the god wyll be brought in loue
My lorde howe nowe loke vp lustely
Here his a derlynge come by saynt Antony
And yf it be your pleasure to mary
Speke quyckely for she maye nat tary
In fayth I thynke ye may wynne her anone
For she wolde speke with your lordshypen alone.

Jupiter.

Sonne that is nat the thynge at this tyme ment
Yf her sute concerne no cause of our byther resorte.

Sende her out of place, but yf she be bent
To that purpose, he are her, and make vs reporte.

☞ Mery report.

☞ I counte women lost yf we loue them not well
For ye se god loueth them neuer a dele
Maystres ye can not speke with the god.

¶ Gentylwoman.

☙ No, why.

☙ Mery report.

¶ By my fayth for his lordshyp is ryght besy
With a peece of worke that nedes must be doone
Euen nowe is he makynge of a newe moone
He sayth your olde moones be so farre tasted
That all the goodnes of them is wasted
Which of the greate wete hath ben moste matter
For olde moones be lyke, they holde no water
But for this newe moone I durst lay my gowne
Excepte a fewe droppes at her goynge downe
Ye get no rayne tyll her arysynge
Without it nede and then no mans deuysynge
Coulde wyshe the fashyon of rayne to be so good
Not gushynge out lyke gutters of Noyes fludde
But small droppes sprynklynge softely on the grounde
Though they fel on a sponge they wolde gyue no sounde
This new moone shal make a thynge sprynge more in this
The a old mone shall whyle a man may go a myle (whyle
By that tyme the god hath all made an ende
Ye shall se howe the wether wyll amende
By saynt Anne he goeth to worke euen boldely
I thynke hym wyse ynough for he loueth holdely
Wherfore maystres be ye nowe of good chere
For though in his presence ye can not appeare
Tell me your matter and let me alone

May happe I wyll thynke on you when you be go en

¶ Gentylwoman.

¶ Forsoth the cause of my comynge is this
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye se
In no creature more beaute then in me is
And syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me
But the sonne in somer so sore doth burne me
In wynter the winde on euery syde me
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me
But euen in my house am I fayne to hyde me
And so do all other that beuty haue
In whose name at this tyme this sute I make
Beseechynge Iuppyter to graunte that I crave
Whiche is this that it may please hym for our sake
To sende vs wether close and temperate
No sonne shyne no frost nor wynde to blowe
Then wolde we get the stretes tryme as a parate
Ye shulde se howe we wolde set our selfe to shewe.

¶ Mery reporte.

☞ Yet where ye wyll I swere by sayncte Quintyne
Ye paste them all both in your owne concept and myne

☞ Gentylwoman.

¶ If we had wether to walke at our pleasure
Our lyues wolde be mery out of measure
One parte of the day for our apparelynge
Another parte for eatynge and drynkynge
And all the reste in stretes to be walkynge
Or in the house to paste tyme with talkynge.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ When serue ye god.

¶ Gentylwoman.

¶ Who bosteth in vertue are but dawes.

Mery reporte.

See Sig. E. i.

Ye do the better namely syns there is no cause
Howe spende ye this nyght.

Gentylwoman.

¶ In daunsynge and syngynge
Tyll mydnyght and then kal to sleppynge.

Mery repoꝛt.

¶ Why swete harte by pour false fayth can ye synge

Gentylwoman.

Nay nay but I loue it aboue all thynge.

Mery repoꝛt

¶ Nowe by my trouth foꝛ the loue that I owe you
You shall here what pleasure I can shewe you
One songe I haue foꝛ you such as it is
And yf it were better ye shulde haue it by gys.

Gentylwoman.

Mary syꝛ I thanke you euen hartely.

¶ Mery repoꝛt.

¶ Come on syꝛs but nowe let vs synge lustely.

¶ Here they synge.

¶ Gentylwoman.

✠ Syꝛ this is well done I hartely thanke you
Ye haue done me pleasure I make god a vowe
Ones in a nyght I longe foꝛ suche a fyt
Foꝛ longe tyme haue I ben bꝛought vp in it.

Mery repoꝛt.

¶ Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne.
Longe be women a bꝛyngynge vp a sone bꝛought downe
So fete it is, so nete it is, so nyse it is.
So tryche it is, so quyche it is, so wyse it is
I keare me selfe excepte I may entreate her
I am so farre in loue I shall foꝛget her.
Nowe good maystres I pꝛaye ye let me kys ye

Gentylwoman.

Kys me quoth a why nay syr I wys ye.

¶ Mery repoyt.

☞ What yes hardly kys me ones and no moze
I neuer delyred to kys you before.

¶ Here the launder commeth in.

⸸ Launder.

☙ Why haue ye alway kyst her behynde
In fayth good ynough yf it be your mynde
And yf your appetyte serue you so to do
By lady I wolde you had kyst my ars to.

¶ Mery repoyt.

¶ To whome doest thou speke foule hoze canst thou tel.

⸸ Launder.

☞ Nay by my trouth I syr not very well
But by coniectour this ges I haue
That I do speke to an olde baudy knaue
I sawe you daily with your symper de cocked
I rede you beware she pycke not your pocket
Suche ydell hulwykes do nowe and than
Thynke all well wonne that they pycke from a man
Yet suche of some men shall haue moze fauour
Then we that for them dayly tayle and labour
But I trust the god wyll be so indifferent
That she shall fayle some parte of her entent

☙ Mery repoyt.

☞ No doubte he wyll deale so graciously
That all folke shall be serued indifferently
Howe be it I tell the truth my offyce is suche
That I must repoyt eche sute I tell oz muche
Wherefoze with the god syns thou canst not speke
Trust me with thy sute I wyll not fayle it to bzeke.

¶ Launder.

¶ Then leane not to muche to gender gyglet

For here desyre contrary to myne is set
I herde by her tale she wolde banyshe the sone
And then were we poore launders all vndone
Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes may dry
We can do tyght nought in our laundry
Another maner losse yt we shulde mys
Then of suche nyreby ceters as she is.

Gentylwoman.

I thynke it better that thou enuy me
Then I shulde stande at rewarde of thy pytte
It is the guyse of suche grose queynes as thou art
With suche as I am euermore to thwart
By cause that no beaute ye can obtayne
Therefore ye haue vs that be fayre in disdayne.

Launder.

When I was as ponge as thou art nowe
I was within lyttell as fayre as thow
And so myght haue kepte me yf I had wolde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the tryckest and fayrest of you all
But I feared parels that after myght fall
Wherfore some belines I dyd me prouyde
Lest vyce myght enter on euery syde
Whiche hath ire entre where vdylnesse dothe reygne
It is not thy beauty that I disdayne
But thyne vdell lyfe that thou hast rehersed
Whiche any good womans herte wolde haue perced
For I percepue in daunsynge and syngynge
In catynge and dryndynge and thyne apparelynge
Is all the ioye wherin thy herte is set
But nought of all this dothe thyne owne labour get
For haddest thou nothynge but of thyne owne trauayle
Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle

Me thynke thou shuldest abhore suche ydelnes
And passe the tyme in some honest besines
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute
Then so ofte to ieoberde all thyne honeste
But I thynke rather then thou woldest so do
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue ydylly to
And so no doute we shulde yf thou myghtest haue
The clere sonne banysht as thou dost craue
Then were we launders marde and vnto the
Thyne owne request were smale commodytie
For of these twayne I thynke it farre better
Thy face were sonne burned and thy clothes the swetter
Then that the sonne frome shynynge shulde be smytter
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke be shytter
Syr howe lycke ye my reason in her case.

Mery reporte.

Suche a raylynge hore by the holy mas
I neuer harde in all my lyfe tyll nowe
In dede I loue ryght wel the tone of you
But or I kepe you bothe by goddes mother
The deuyll shall haue the tone to fet the other.

Launder.

Promyse me to speke that the sonne may shyne bryght
And I wyll be gone quyckly for all nyght.

Mery reporte.

Get you bothe hens I pray you hertely
Your sutes I perceyue and wyll reporte them truely
Vnto Jupiter at the nexte leasure
And in the same desyre to knowe his pleasure
Whiche knowledge had euen as he dothe shewe it
Fere ye nat tyme ynough ye shall knowe it.

Gentylwoman.

Syr yf ye medyll remember me fyrst

✤ Launder.

¶ Then in this medlynge my parte shalbe the wurst.

☞ Wery repoꝛt.

¶ Nowe I beleche our loꝛde the deuyll the burst
Who medleth with many I holde hym accurst
Thou hoꝛe can I medle with you bothe at ones.

¶ Here the gentylwoman goeth foꝛth.

☞ Launder.

¶ By the masse knaue I wolde I had bothe thy stones
In my purs yf thou meddel not indifferently
That both our maters in issue may be lykely.

¶ Wery repoꝛt.

¶ Many woꝛdes lytell matter and to no purpose
Suche is the effect that thou disclose.
The moꝛe ye byb, the moꝛe ye babyll.
The moꝛe ye babyl, the moꝛe ye fabyl
The moꝛe ye fabyl, the moꝛe vnstabyl.
The moꝛe vnstable, the moꝛe vnabyll
In any maner thynge to do any good
No hurte though ye were hanged by the holy rood.

✤ Launder.

☙ The lesse your scilence, the lesse your credence
The lesse your credence, the lesse your honestie
The lesse your honestie the lesse your assistence
The lesse your assistence the lesse abylyte
In you to do ought wheꝛefoꝛe so god me saue
No hurte in hangyng such a raylynge knaue.

☙ Wery repoꝛt.

¶ What monster is this I neuer harde none suche
Foꝛ loke howe muche moꝛe I haue made her to muche
And so farre at laste she hath made me to lyttell
Where be ye Launder I thynke in some spyttell
Ye shall washe me no gere foꝛ fere of freynge

I loue no launders that shrynke my gere in wettynge
I praye the go hens and let me be in rest
I wyll do thyne errande as I thynke best.

¶ Launder.

¶ Nowe wolde I take my leue yf I wyste howe
The lenger I lyue the more knaue you,

Mery reporte.

¶ The lenger thou lyuest the pyte the gretter
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better
Is nat this a swete offyce that I haue
When euery drab shall call me knaue
Euery man knoweth not what goddes seruyce is
Nor I my selfe knewe it not before this
I thynke goddes seruauntes may lyue holyly
But the deuyll seruauntes lyue more merely
I knowe not what god gyueth in standynge fees
But the deuyll seruauntes hane casweltees
A hundreth tymes mo then goddes seruauntes haue
For thoughe ye be neuer so starke a knaue
Yf ye lacke money the deuyll wyll do wurse
But brynge you streyght to another mans purse
Then wyll the deuyll promote you here in this worlde
As vnto suche tyche it doth moste accorde
Fyrst Pater noster qui es in celis
And then ye shall sens the stryfe with your helys
The greatest frende ye haue in felde or towne
Sandynge a typ to shal nat reche your crowne.

The boy cometh in, the leste that can play.

¶ This same is euen he by allycklyhod
Syr I pray you be not you master god.

Mery reporte.

¶ No in good fayth sonne but I may say to the
I am suche a man that god may nat mysse me

Wherfore with ẏ god yf thou woldest haue ought done
Tell me thy mynde and I shall shewe it sone.

¶ Boy.

¶ Forsothe syr my mynde is this at fewe wordes
All my pleasure is in catsynge of byrdes
And makynge of snow balles and throwynge the same
For the whiche purpose to haue set in frame
With my god father god I wolde fayne haue spoken
Desyrynge him to haue sente me by some token
Where I myght haue had greate frost for my pytfalles
And plente of snowe to make my snowe balles
This ones had boys lyues be suche as no man leddes
O to se my snowe balles lyght on my felowes hedes
And to here the byrdes howe they slyckere there wynges
In the pytfale I saye it passeth all thynges
Syr yf ye be goddes seruaunte or his kynsman
I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can.

¶ Mery reporte.

¶ Alas poore boy who sente the hether.

¶ Boy.

¶ A hundred boyes that stode togyther
Where they herde one say in a cry
That my god father god almyghty
Was come frome heuen by his owne accorde
This nyght to suppe here with my lorde
And farther he sayde come whose wull
They shall sure haue theyr bylles full
Of all wethers who lyste to craue
Eche sorte suche wether as they lyste to haue
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had
And sawe me so prety a pratelynge lad
Upon agrement with a great noys
Sende lytell Dycke cryed all the boys

By whose assent I am purueyd
To sewe for the wether a forsayde
Wherin I pray you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may gyue it vs.

¶ Mery report.

Gyue boys wether quoth a nonny nonny.

☞ Boy.

¶ If god of his wether wyll gyue nonny
I pray you wyll ye sell ony
Or sende vs a bushel of snowe or twayne.
And poynt vs a day to pay hym agayne.

❧ Mery report.

¶ I can not tell for by this lyght
I chepte nor bazowed none of hym this nyght
But by suche shyfte as I wyll make
Thou shalt se soone what way he wyll take.

☞ Boy.

❧ Syr I thanke you then I may departe.

✣ The boye goeth out.

¶ Mery reporte.

✣ Ye farewell good sonne with all my harte
Nowe such an other sorte as here hath bene
In al the dayes of my lyfe I haue not sene
No suters nowe but women knaues and boys
And all theyr sutes are in fansyes and toys
If that there come no wyser after this crye
I wyll to the god and make an ende quickely
Oyes. yf that any knaue here
Be wyllynge to appeare
For whether foule or clere
Come in before this flocke
And be he hole or sycklye
Come shewe his mynde quickly

See Sig. F. 1.

And yf his tayle be nat lyckly
Ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All his tyme I percepue is spente in wast
To wayte for mo suters I se none make hast
Wherefore I wyll shewe the god all this proces
And be delyuered of my symple offes
Nowe lorde accordynge to your commaundement
Attendynge suters I haue ben diligent
And at begynnynge as your wyll was I shulde
I come nowe at ende to shewe what eche man wolde
The fyrst suter before your selfe dyd appere
A gentylman desyrynge wether clere
Cloudy, nor mysty, nor no wynde to blowe
For hurt in his huntynge and then as ye knowe
The Marchaunte sude for as of that kynde
For wether clere and measurable wynde
As they maye beste here theyr sayles to make spede
And streyght after there came to me in dede
Another man who named hym selfe a ranger
And sayde all of his crafte be farre brought in daunger
For lacke of lyuynge whiche chefely is wynde fall
But he playnely sayethe there bloweth no wynde at all
Wherfore he desyreth for encrease of theyr fleeses
Extreme rage of wynde trees to tere in peces
Then came a water myller and he cryed out
For water and sayde the wynde was so stout
The rayne coulde not fall wherfore he made requeste
For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at reste
And then syr there came a wynde myller in
Who sayde for the rayne he coulde no wynde wyn
The water he wysht to be banysshe all
Beseechynge your grace of wynde continuall
Then came there another that wolde banysshe all this

A goodly dame an ydyll thynge ywys
Wynde, rayne, nor frost, nor son shyne wolde she haue
But fayre close wether her beaute to saue
Then came there another that lyueth by laundry
Who must haue wether hote and clere here clothes to dry
Then come there a boy for frost and snowe continuall
Snow to make snow balles and frost for his pyrfall
For whiche god wote he sueth full gredely
Your fyrst man wolde haue wether clere and nat wyndy
The seconde the same saue cooles to blowe meanly
The thyrde delyred stormes and wynde most extremely
The fourth all in water and wolde haue no wynde
The fyfte no water but all wynde to grynde
The syxte wolde haue none of all these nor no bryght son
The seuent extremely the hote sone wolde haue woone
The eyght and the laste for the frost and snowe he prayd
By lady we shall take shame I am afrayd
Who marketh in what maner this sort is led
May thynke it impossyble all to be spede
This nomber is smale there lacketh twayne of ten
And yet by the masse amonge ten thousande men
No one thynge coulde stande more wyde frome the other
Nat one of theyr suters agreeth with an other
I promyse you here is a shrewe pece of warke
This gere wyll trye wether ye be a clarke
Yf ye truste to me it is a great foly
For it passeth my brayues by goddes body.

Jupiter.

Son thou hast best diligent and done so well
That thy labour is ryght muche thanke worthy
But be thou sure we nede no whyt thy counsel
For in our selfe we haue forsene remedy
Whiche thou shalt se but fyrste departe hens quyckly

To the gentylman and al other suters here
And commaunde them all before vs to appeare

☞ Mery repoꝛt.

☞ That shall be no lenger in doynge
Then I am in commynge and goynge

✠ Mery repoꝛte goeth out.

¶ Iupiter.

❧ Suche debate as from aboue he haue harde
Suche debate beneth amonge pour selues ye se
As longe as heddes from temperaunce be dekarde
So longe the bodyes in distemperaunce be
This percepue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concoꝛdantly
So wyll we here now gyue pou remedy.

❧ Mery repoꝛt and all the suters entreth.

❧ Mery repoꝛt.

¶ If I had caught them
Oꝛ euer I raught them
I wolde haue taught them
To be nere me.
Full dere haue I bought them
Loꝛde so I sought them
Yet haue I bꝛought them
Suche as they be.

¶ Gentylman.

☞ Pleaseth it pour mateste loꝛde so it is
We as pour subiectes and humble suters all
Accoꝛdyng as we here pour pleasure is
Are pꝛesed as pour pꝛesens beynge pꝛyncypall
Hed and gouernour of all in euery place
Who toyeth not in pour syght no toye can haue
Wherfoꝛe we all commyt vs to pour grace
As loꝛde of loꝛdes vs to perysshe oꝛ saue.

☞ As longe as discrecion so well doth you gyde
Obediently to vse your dutye
Dout ye nat we shall your sauete prouyde
Your greuys we haue harde wherefore we sende for ye
To receyue aunswere eche man in his degre
And fyrst to content most reason it is
The fyrst man that sude wherfore marke ye this
Ofte shall ye haue the wether clere and styll
To hunte in for recompence of your payne
Also you marchauntes shall haue muche your wyll
For ofte tymes when no wynde on lande doth remayne
Yet on the see pleasaunt coolys you shall obtayne
And syns your huntynge may rest in the nyght
Ofte shal the wynde thre ryse and before day lyght.

✝ It shall ratell downe the woode in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyue may
And ye water myllers shall obtayne this grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
When at the selfe tymes on hylles we shall puruey
Fayre wether for your windmilles to such cooles of winde
As in one instant both kyndes of mylles may grynde.

☞ And for ye fayre women that close wether wolde haue
We shall prouyde that ye may suffycyently
Haue tyme to walke in and your beautie saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundry
The hote sonne oft enough your clothes to dry
Also ye prety chylde shall haue both frost and snowe
Nowe marke this concly you we charge you arowe.

¶ Muche better haue we nowe deuyled for ye all

Then ye all can perceyue or coude deſyre
Eche of you ſude to haue contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre
All wethers in all places yf men all tymes myght hyer
Who coulde lyue by other what is this negligence
Vs to attempt in ſuch inconuenience.

¶ Nowe on the other ſyde yf we had graunted
The full of the ſome one ſute and no mo
And from all the reſt the wether had forbyd
Yet who ſo had obteyned hadde wonne his owne wo
There is no one crafte can preſerue man ſo
But by other craftes of neceſſitie
He muſt haue muche parte of his commoditie.

¶ All to ſerue at ones and one deſtroy an other
Or elles to ſerue one and deſtroye all the reſt
Nother wyll we dō the tone nor the other
But ſerue as many or as fewe as we thynke beſt
And where or what tyme to ſerue moſt or leſt
The dyrectyon of that doubtles ſhall ſtande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

✠ Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche ſorte on ſuche wether as for them doth fall
Nowe one nowe other as lyketh vs to ſende
Who that hath it ply it and ſure we ſhall
So gyde the wether in courſe to you all
That eche with other ye ſhall hole remayne.
In pleaſure and plentyfull welth certayne.

The Gentylwoman.

☞ Bleſſed was the tyme wherein me were borne
Fyrſt for the bleſſed chaunce of your godly preſence

Next for our sute was there neuer man before
That euer harde so excellent a sentence
As your grace hath gyuen to vs all arowe
Wherin your hyghnes hath so bountyfully
Distrybuted my parte that your grace shall knowe
Your selfe soole possessed.

☞ Marchant

☞ Lykewyse marchauntes shall pryde vs holy
Onely to laude the name of Iuppter
As god of all goddes you to serue soolly
For of euery thynge I se you are noryther.

☞ Ranger.

¶ No doute it is so for so we nowe fynde
Wherin your grace vs rangers so doth bynde
That we shall gyue you our hartes with one accorde
For knowledge to knowe you onely as our lorde

¶ Watermyller.

☞ Well I can no more but for our water
We shall gyue your lordshyp our ladyes sauter

☞ Wynde myller.

¶ Muche haue ye bounde vs for as I be saued
We haue all obtayned better then we craued.

¶ Gentylwoman.

☞ That is true, wherfore your grace shall truly
The hartes of suche as I am haue surely.

☞ Launder.

¶ And suche as I am who be as good as you
His hyghnes shall be sure on I make a vowe.

⚜ Boy.

¶ Godfather god I wyll do somwhat for you agayne
By Christ ye may hap to haue a bryde or twayne
And I promyse you yf any nowe come
when I make my nowe balles you shall haue some.

what shoud follow, is wanting.